

Title: Dark Offspring 7

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Night fell over the village. For once in the many long months, it seemed the village was at peace...

The sleeping villagers were completely oblivious to the hooded figure who walked through the town square. As it walked it kept its eyes intently locked on the village gates. Having reached the gates, it passed through and into the woods a short ways. Here lay a small clearing, its floor covered with fist sized rocks with a pile of them in the middle. All around and beneath the rock lay a sticky dark reddish liquid, not unlike blood. The cloaked figure strode over to the mound of rocks swatting at flies that buzzed around it much as they would around a corpse. The figure dug its hands into the mound of rock pushing the rocks aside at first gently then frantically. At last the body of a beautiful woman came to sight. Its face and body were bloody and bruised as if they had been pumelated with rocks. The stranger bowed its head until its forehead

touched the forehead of the body's. It remained there, and only the sound of quiet weeping broke the silence. Then the stranger threw its head back the hood falling aside revealing the face of Sigurd.

However, his face had changed. Where once there had been nobility and kindness, now there was only pain, agony, and hate. He let out a roar of rage, tearing at his hair in frustration.

He bent down to the body and whispered something in its ear. Then he picked up the body and carried it off into the woods...

What Sigurd had said was this, "My love...My very life itself. I WILL stop at nothing until you are avenged. I WILL do whatever it takes to gain the power to free you from the bonds of death. You WILL be avenged! And those that stand in my way? They shall rue the day they were born... The people who favor Justice the most of any one in Britainia? The was only one person in the entire world who knew what the virtues truly meant, and now she is dead. Your only advocate is dead you citizen of Britainia. I WILL teach you the meaning of the virtues, but first I must have the power to enforce them...the Power...the power" At this his

voice trailed off into a hysterical cackle. Something within him had snapped. When once he had sought for peace with all people, now he sought only two things: power and revenge...

For many hours the village remained in silence. Then a lone wolf cry broke the silence. It was answered by another cry and then another. Soon the whole valley rang with the bloodcurdling cry. A lone villager startled awake, looked up out of his bedroom window. On the hill just outside the forest he could see hundreds of pitch-black wolves staring down at the village... There was another cry and they all leapt down towards the village. As the screams of terror and the sounds of battle flooded up to the hill, Ilyana looked down at the village. She had succeeded. She now had the help of a mage, and not just any mage, her brother. Having been feed with her lies his madness grown and so had his lust of power. He had plans of becoming the most powerful being in the world. She was unsure as whether she believed he could achieve that, or whether it were even possible...